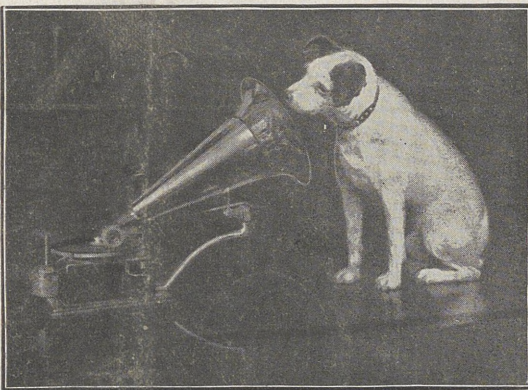


# Graphic

VOL. XXIX Los Angeles, Cal., July 11, 1908. No. 6



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## Reminiscences of Andy Johnson—XI

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

It was as President that Johnson experienced the stormiest part of his career, and became so misrepresented and misunderstood that large numbers of those who had loved him the best at last despised him the most:—and it took a long time for even the reflecting and liberal-minded men of his day to arrive at the fact that instead of being a traitor and conspirator he had been treacherously treated and conspired against.

President Lincoln died April 15, 1865. Three hours after, Chief-Justice Chase, accompanied by three or four members of the lower House of Congress and two Senators, went to the room of Vice-President Johnson, in the Kirkwood House in Washington, and administered the oath of office as President to Johnson. He had been in the city but five days, and in a few hours he would have been on his way to Tennessee. Considering the feverish condition of affairs in Washington following the assassination of Lincoln certain eminent men were of the opinion that had Johnson not been in Washington at the time, an insurrection would have followed. Be this as it may, it has always seemed to many that at every critical stage of its history the United States has been governed by a special Providence. It was of inestimable benefit to this country that a man

with the peculiar courage and will power of Johnson—a courage both physical and moral—succeeded Mr. Lincoln when that great man fell beneath the bullet of John Wilkes Booth. If the Ben Wades of the Republican party had had their way at that time, it is exceedingly doubtful whether a warp towards despotism would not have resulted, from which our entire system of free government would never have fully recovered. The South would have at once been made a hell upon earth and instead of the splendid revival of prosperity which we see there now, there would have been a desolation as great as that which followed the legions of Hyder Ali in the Carnatic.

Johnson was cast in the right mold to meet and defeat this conspiracy. Like old John Adams at an earlier date of our history (and who, by the way, was the son of a shoemaker), he was the very man to exclaim:

"Thy spirit, Independence, let me share.

Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye."

On this account it is that Johnson was for a long time followed by more hatred and depreciation than any of our public men, Mr. Buchanan not excepted. On account of the calumny with which he was pursued, the impression made upon great masses not only of his political enemies but of his political

friends as well, was that he was an intemperate, disloyal, vindictive, obstinate man, when quite the reverse was the fact.

It is a noteworthy fact that at first every eminent officer of the Army at the time—Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, A. J. Smith, Schofield, Logan, Rousseau, Custer, Merritt, and all the others,—and all of President Lincoln's Cabinet ministers but two, and many Republican Senators and Congressmen, and nearly all the leading Republican journals, approved of Johnson's policy of reconciliation and reconstruction—which was not Johnson's policy at all, but Lincoln's, in reality, so far as could be seen or conjectured. This fealty continued until it became apparent to those who would have preferred to have remained true to Johnson that continued loyalty to him would bring them to grief.

The desertion of President Johnson by General Grant, which took place early in 1867, was the most serious blow that had happened to the former, and was received with great rejoicing by the Radicals. It encouraged Congress to attempt impeachment. It severely pained the President and enraged Secretaries Seward, Welles and McCullough and Postmaster-General Randall.

(Continued on Page 5)

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## Matters of Moment

### A Paramount Issue.

Since the Democracy has determined to pander to the demands of Organized Labor and Mr. Bryan has shown his anxiety to receive the endorsement and blessing of William Randolph Hearst, there will no longer be any need to hunt for an issue to distinguish the campaign of 1908.

At this writing the anti-injunction plank of the Democratic party in convention assembled is not yet at hand, but it is already certain that the struggle of the conservatives against the surrender of the remnants of the old but almost forgotten Democratic faith, to the demagogues and the Labor Unions, is doomed.

It is Mr. Bryan's last chance and he is overlooking no tricks to swell his support. By his success in capturing the vote of Organized Labor and of the Hearst malcontents he is fatuous enough to believe that his now familiar trip up Salt River may be avoided next November.

Under these conditions it is doubly unfortunate that the Republican party should have declared itself on the injunction question with tremulous, indeed, wobbly, voice. While Mr. Samuel Gompers was refused the surrender at Chicago which he is promised at Denver, it was too evident that the Republican propagandists were at pains not to offend the high priest of walking delegates. Organized Labor through the great Gompers had demanded that the Republican party recommend a radical restriction of the power of the courts in the matter of injunctions. The platform carpenters, working on plans directly dictated from the White House, at last contrived a plank, which they hoped might appease the great Gompers without menacing individual rights and their preservation in the courts. The result was so thin that it certainly cannot carry a man of Mr. Taft's substance. The candidate will have to build a bridge of far more convincing proportions before the campaign is many weeks older. At present, the Republican party is pledged to "uphold at all times the authority and integrity of the courts"—a platitude by no means superfluous in view of Gompersism

—but expresses its belief that the rules of procedure in the Federal courts with respect to injunctions "should be more accurately defined by statute, and that no injunction or restraining order should be issued without notice except where irreparable injury would result from delay, in which case a speedy hearing thereafter should be granted."

In view of the probability that this question of curbing the power of the courts in the issuance of injunctions in labor disputes will be the paramount issue of the campaign, it is unfortunate that the Republican party has not planted more firmly the standard of Law and Order and the Rights of the Individual.

For what does this injunction controversy actually mean? It means that Mr. Gompers and Organized Labor demand that the Boycott should be a legal instrument in winning strikes and in preventing freeborn American citizens from exercising their rights.

Mr. Gompers and the Federation of Labor openly rebelled against the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Danbury Hatters' case, by which boycotts affecting interstate commerce were declared illegal conspiracies. Mr. Gompers has backed his demands with threats. He will not be responsible for what Organized Labor does if its demands are not granted by Congress. Before a sub-committee of the House Judiciary Committee, Mr. Gompers made his threats perfectly plain. "If Congress," he said, "does not pass laws legalizing unions, granting explicitly the right to strike, and in general a right to be active through organization in our own interests, there will spring up in this country secret organizations, bound by oath to the service of the cause of labor. Neither ukase nor injunction can drive us from this position. What we now enjoy—or what we enjoyed before the recent Supreme Court decision—we enjoyed only after years of struggle. The workingman has undergone imprisonment and gibbeting for his loyalty to his laboring brothers. And whatever happens, that cause will win. Labor unions, when conducted

in the open, when they have consent of law, are bound to be more careful, more conservative than any organization bound by oath to eternal secrecy. And that fact sounds the warning for the ears of Congress. We want our legislation."

With such demands and with such threats the Republican party chose to temporize. The Bryanized and Hearstified Democracy bows meekly before them.

Mr. Taft's personal record, however, is much more reassuring than the Republican platform. As long ago as 1893 and 1894 Mr. Taft, while a federal judge, dealt with this question firmly and with strict interpretation of the just law. In the first of these cases the engineers on the Toledo and Ann Arbor railroad had struck. The engineers on connecting railroads were directed by Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, to refuse to handle any freight from the Toledo and Ann Arbor road. A preliminary injunction was granted by Judge Taft, on the ground that a combination had been made to prevent the road from complying with the terms of the interstate commerce law. The judge held that employes have a right to strike for the betterment of their condition; but while in the employ of a road they are bound to obey the statute compelling interchange of interstate traffic, and the failure of the engineers on connecting roads to forward the freight from the Toledo and Ann Arbor was punishable as a conspiracy against federal law. In other words, a strike was declared legal; a boycott—in the case of interstate commerce—illegal. It was this issuance of an injunction that earned for Mr. Taft the sobriquet of "the father of injunctions." His decision was a precedent for all similar cases, and has been sustained by the Supreme Court. The same principles were involved in the Phelan Contempt Case in 1894. The American Railway Union, with Debs at its head, was conducting its great strike against the Pullman Car Company. All railroads were called on to boycott the Pullman cars, on peril of a strike among their own employes in case of refusal. The Cincinnati Southern, then in the



hands of a federal receiver, refused, and one of the Railway Union officials, Frank Phelan, started to organize a strike of its employes. The road applied to Judge Taft for an injunction against Phelan. It was issued, and Phelan, for disregarding it, was thrown into jail for six months for contempt of court. The judge again, in this case, decided against a boycott, not against a strike.

It should be sufficiently plain that the position of Samuel Gompers, which the Democracy proposes to support, is that the law should be so amended as to put a most powerful and menacing instrument into the hands of Labor Unions. The unrestrained use of the boycott and its sidepartner, the picket, would inevitably breed anarchy.

From his record on the federal bench and from his measures as a statesman, there can be no doubt where William Howard Taft stands on this question.

#### Good Roads and Billboards.

Hurrah for Good Roads!

To Blazes with the Billboards!

Everyone in Los Angeles county is interested—or should be—in the Good Roads campaign which is being waged, in view of the special election to be held July 30. The county proposes to incur a bonded indebtedness of three and a half million dollars for the permanent improvement of its highways, and we believe that the proposal will be endorsed by an overwhelming vote.

The vital importance to this community of building and maintaining good roads has been so recently urged in these columns and is so transparent to citizens of common sense and foresight that there is no need to deliver another homily on the subject. It may be necessary, however, to stir up sufficient enthusiasm on the subject to insure a large vote at the polls July 30. There are still some croakers left hereabouts who face improvements and consequent expenditure with a sour visage, whose nightmare is increased taxation, and who shudder at a bonded indebtedness. The opponents to the good roads bonds are few and far between, and they rarely make their complaints public; some of them even profess to be in favor of the campaign, but will secretly "knife" the bonds. The opposition is the more dangerous in that it is underground. Therefore, it is important that every citizen who can see beyond his nose and realizes what a tremendous asset to Southern California a first-class highway system will be, should not only interest himself, but be at pains to interest his neighbors in getting out a big vote two weeks from next Thursday.

Los Angeles county once more proposes to lead the State in the Good Roads movement. At the next session of the Legislature Governor Gillett's plan to spend eighteen million dollars in building a splendid system of state highways will be introduced. By that time, it is hoped, Los Angeles will already have commenced her own good work.

In the meanwhile the "Graphic" desires once more to call the attention of the Supervisors and the Highway Commission to the ever-growing billboard nuisance, and ventures to insist that some provision be made to guard against its monstrous invasion of the good roads which it is proposed to build at heavy public expense. The difficulties of legislating against the billboard monster are apparent, but the necessity for devising some

means to stop the hideous excrescences should be equally obvious. The Supervisors need not travel for afield to witness the atrocious despoilment of landscape caused by the billboard industry. One trip between Los Angeles and Pasadena is sufficient—or between this city and any of the beaches. The attractiveness of the country as viewed from a car window is already almost annulled.

The Supervisors cannot afford to treat this question with the unbecoming levity with which they dealt with Dr. Lummis' timely suggestion that they should lend their influence to stop the evil mispronunciation of this city's fair if difficult name. The anti-billboard movement is not simply an aesthetic crusade. While it is lamentably debasing to all good taste that billboard monstrosities should trouble the vision, they also form a vile blot upon the attractiveness of the country, which may seriously interfere with its settlement. Who wants to build a country home, the view from which is blinded by billboards? What enjoyment will automobilists derive from highways however finely surfaced if they are lined with flaring advertisements? The man who wishes to enjoy the country wishes to forget the town. When there is no escape from hideous memories of sordid commerce, when the merits of somebody's ketchup and somebody else's patent medicine pursue the wayfarer, what matters it if the roads are good or bad?

Every zealous advocate of Good Roads must also be a bitter enemy of Billboards.

—6—

#### A Foolish Loss.

After reading about the casualties and fires due to the notion that noise and patriotism are indissoluble, one is tempted to ask whether Los Angeles has or has not just passed its last foolish Fourth of July.

Los Angeles spent about \$75,000 for fire works, fire crackers and racket. Considering the times, isn't it fair to ask whether this money should not have gone elsewhere and have been devoted to other purposes than noise creation.

Seventy-two casualties were reported from the various hospitals. This probably does not represent half of the total. In seriousness, they ranged from the loss of arms and fingers and horrible burns down to minor injuries. The complete record cannot be known; nor can the result be approximated until the final harvest of death from lockjaw is entered in the mortality returns.

There were no serious fires, although this may be attributed to good luck and the ability of the fire department to handle each fire quickly and effectively. The city has not always escaped so lightly as in 1908. To jeopard property as is done each year on July 4 is little short of criminal. The utter uselessness of it must have occurred to all but the young or the feeble minded.

The proper time to put an end to a noisy Fourth is now—right after a Fourth has passed into history and not just before the holiday rolls around again. If an ordinance for a sane Fourth is adopted now, dealers in fire works, fire crackers, toy cannons and the like, will have no complaint that snap judgment was taken against them. They will have ample notice served not to stock up again.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

#### Death of a Famous Artist.

The death of Thomas Hill—better and more familiarly known as Tom Hill—removes from earthly scenes the most foremost artist of California, and one of the most famous in the United States. He was one of that trinity of great painters of Pacific coast scenery—Albert Bierstadt, Thomas Moran and Tom Hill—whose marvels of pencil and brush ornament many homes of the rich in Boston, New York, Chicago and (before the fire) San Francisco. His paintings of the "Yosemite Valley," "Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone," the "Great Cañon of the Sierras," and his other masterpieces, have become, as some other writer has truly said of them, "works of almost classical reverence."

Mr. Hill was awarded the first prize for landscape painting at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, and also the first prize at the Cotton Exposition in New Orleans in 1884-6; and he has also been given thirty-one gold medals at California and other State Fairs. Bierstadt, one of the greatest of all landscape painters, declared that Hill's "Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone" was "by far the most magnificent and truthful piece of coloring ever seen on canvas;" and Moran has been quite as glowing in his bestowal of spontaneous panegyric over Hill's chef-d'oeuvre: "Yosemite Valley from Inspiration Point." His most animated production was "The Driving of the Last Spike," an immense canvas delineating the connecting of the Union and Central Pacific railroads in May, 1869. His patrons have been Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, Mark Hopkins, Irving M. Scott, E. B. Crocker, Lloyd Tevis, Jay Gould, Harriman, Gates, Huntington, Yerkes, Drexel, and many others, a number of whom have paid as much as \$12,000 for a single painting of some Yosemite scene, and there are six homes in Los Angeles that have one or more of Hill's paintings on their walls. The largest and finest of Mr. Hill's "General View of the Yosemite Valley" is hanging in the reading and card room of the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Hill was born in Birmingham, England, in 1829, but came to America at the age of eleven and took up his residence at Taunton, Mass. In five years afterward he moved to Philadelphia and became a pupil in the Academy of Fine Arts. At the age of twenty-four he captured the first prize at a Baltimore exhibition of fine arts, and in the late fifties came to San Francisco, and for several years engaged in portrait painting only. But subsequently he went to Paris and studied landscape painting under Paul Meyerheim, then came back to America and opened a studio in Boston, and painted many fine pictures of scenes on Lake George and in the White Mountains; and in the early sixties he returned to San Francisco, and during the last twenty years made his home, except during the snowy months, at Wawona, near the Mariposa Grove and the Yosemite Valley. For the past six or seven years he has been a sufferer from a complication of disorders, and for the most of that time has been confined to his bed or wheeling chair.

Sick or well, Mr. Hill was one of the merriest of men and thoroughly genial, even when racked with pain. He was an exemplary man, and raised a large family; and although fond of the good things of life,



from a gastronomic standpoint, he was a temperate eater and drinker from the best interpretation of the term. He was one of the founders of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, although not much of a Bohemian except to enjoy the mirth-making antics of his confreres. He was too refined in birth and breeding and too delicate in physique to belong to the stirrup-cup crowd; but he was fond of a good cigar and a glass of wine and an occasional punch or julep, but was always moderate and never in his life forgot that he was a gentleman.

Mr. Hill's wife died many years ago, but he is survived by two sons and three daughters, and a number of grown-up grandchildren. One of his daughters is the wife of John Washburn, for more than thirty years one of the famous Sierra stage and hotel men of that name, and now proprietor (with his brother) of the hotel at Wawona; another daughter is the wife of an officer of the navy, and the third is unmarried.

Mr. Hill was an extremely generous and liberal-minded man, and for fifty years gave freely from his purse and from his studio for the sake of charity. He maintained a

kindly esteem for brother artists, and never aspersed the works of others.

He died on the first day of July at Raymond, Madera county, and has been buried in a beautiful spot on the summit of a spur near Wawona overlooking the ever-flowing waters of the south fork of the Merced River.

#### Those Two Crooked Trees.

Not many years ago a New York dispatch stated that the thirteen trees planted by Alexander Hamilton in honor of the Colonies and named after them had been cut down:—which reminds the writer that two of these trees were always crooked and never could be kept in as yielding a condition as the other eleven. These two stubborn trees were "Massachusetts" and "South Carolina;" and Hamilton used to say of them that they were "as troublesome as the states whose names they bore." And this incident further reminds the writer that eighteen years before South Carolina seceded John Quincy Adams presented to Congress the following petition: "The undersigned, citizens of Haverhill, in the Commonwealth

of Massachusetts, pray that you will immediately adopt measures peaceably to dissolve the union of these States: first, because no union can be agreeable or permanent which does not present prospects of reciprocal benefit; second, because a vast proportion of the resources of one section of the Union is annually drained to sustain the views and course of another section without any adequate return; third, because (judging from the history of past nations) this union, if persisted in, in the present course of things will certainly overwhelm the whole nation in utter destruction." A motion was at once introduced to expel Mr. Adams on the ground that he had offered the deepest indignity to the House, the greatest insult to the American people and that his act was one of high treason. Despite Mr. Adams' assertion that he did not favor the petition and had introduced it as coming from his constituents the motion was debated with great acrimony for four days; and while Mr. Adams was not unseated a precedent was established that sustained the right of petition, however unreasonable or even treasonable its premises may seem to appear.

## Reminiscences of Andy Johnson—XI

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

and hosts of others, especially as Grant had been one of Johnson's staunchest counsellors and upholders. Grant had been greatly admired and defended by Johnson, from the battle of Fort Donelson, and had believed in him truly. It was on Grant's advice that Johnson had treated the leading Confederates so leniently and on Grant's promise to "stay by him" that he demanded the resignation of Stanton, the Secretary of War. The abandonment of Johnson by Dana, then of the Chicago "Inter-Ocean," because he would not make him Collector of the Port of New York; by Forney, because he could not see his way clear to appoint him Collector of Customs in Philadelphia; by Logan, because the President failed in making Secretary McCullough see the justice in Logan's cotton claim, and many other similar cases all counted as nothing alongside of Johnson's abandonment by Grant. There was no one in Washington who doubted that the latter had broken his word to the former, especially as the entire Cabinet had so stated. No human being, not even Grant, himself, disputed the statement of Johnson's Cabinet and of others close to both the President and the General.

As a matter of fact, however, President Johnson admitted to many friends that General Grant could hardly have done otherwise than abandon him, even though the General had besought him to carry out his policy of reconstruction as he had done (by Mr. Lincoln's instructions) in Tennessee, and had at one time threatened to resign his position as General of the Army if a single man of Lee's Army was touched. The General, if he had remained firm, would have surely gone down with Fessenden and Trumbull, Henderson and Grimes, and all the others who staid by Johnson in his losing fight with Sumner and Wade, Schurz and Chandler, and the cabal that had planned to territorialize the seven Southern States not yet reconstructed. At no time did the President

publicly blame the General, nor never did he withdraw any of the praise he had bestowed upon Grant, which may be fully seen by the private letter given herewith.

During the impeachment trial, I was in California, but I was kept informed of all that was transpiring in my "old household," as will be seen by the following letter in reply to one I had written some months after the conclusion of the Stanton and impeachment excitement, in which I touched upon many topics, the tenor of which may be reached by the nature of the reply, which was written for the President by Thomas Cook, the special Washington correspondent of the New York "Herald," and for a while a secretary at the White House:

EXECUTIVE MANSION.

Washington, D. C., August 3, 1868.

My Dear Truman—It is a long time since you have written me such a lengthy and interesting letter. I note what you say regarding your trip to Alaska. It was well that you made an official report of your trip and of the necessities of supplying that far-away country with better postal facilities, as you might have been subjected to an investigation, as Stewart of Nevada has made charges that you have been roaming around in foreign countries without leave. But Randall, who is your friend, says that Stewart wants your place for his brother Ben, and that he can't have it. So, as long as Randall is Postmaster-General, you are safe. But we have other places for our friends, so you need feel no alarm, yet it is well to be on the lookout for breakers.

I have received a number of letters from General Miller, explaining that in denouncing my policy of reconstruction he meant no personal reflection on me. You may say to General Miller that on account of his distinguished services in Tennessee during the war, nothing that he can say about me will affect my esteem for him; and also say to him that so long as I am President of the United States, he shall be Collector of the Port of San Francisco.

You allude to the vote on impeachment as a "close shave." It was not so close as most people think; for Senator Morgan of New York would have cast his vote against impeachment rather than to have seen Ben Wade succeed to the Presidential chair. Now, I have been true to the Union and to my friends, and have been generally temperate in all things. I may have erred in not

carrying out Mr. Blair's request in putting into my Cabinet Morton, Grant, Andrew and Greeley. I do not say I should have done so, or that I would do so had I my career to go over again, for it would have been hard to have put out Seward and Welles, who had served satisfactorily under the greatest man of all. Morton would have been a tower of strength, however, and so would Andrew. No Senator would have dared to vote for my impeachment with those two men in my cabinet. Grant was untrue. He meant well for the first year, and much that I did that was denounced was through his advice. He was the strongest man of all in the support of my policy for a long while, and did the best he could for more than a year in strengthening my hands against the adversaries of constitutional government. But Grant saw the radical hand-writing on the wall, and heeded it. I did not see it, or, if seeing it, did not heed it. Grant did the proper thing to save Grant, but it pretty nearly ruined me. I might have done the same thing under the same circumstances. At any rate, most men would. I told Mr. Blair that I wouldn't have Greeley on any account. I always considered Greeley a good enough editor before the war, although I never agreed with him, but in all other matters he seemed to me like a whale ashore. He nearly bothered Lincoln's life out of him, and it was difficult to tell whether he wanted union or separation, war or peace. Greeley is all heart and no head. He is the most vacillating man in the country, or was during the war. He runs to goodness of heart so much as to produce infirmity of mind. Blair reasoned with me as a friend. But I could not see the point. I told him that Greeley was a sublime old child and would be of no service to me. The others I thought well of at the time. Andrew was great, and Morton was greater, and Grant had come out of the war the greatest of all. It is true that the rebels were on their last legs, and that the Southern ports were pretty effectually blockaded, and that Grant was furnished with all the men that were needed or could be spared after he took command of the Army of the Potomac. But Grant helped more than any one else to bring about this condition. His great victories at Donelson, Vicksburg and Missionary Ridge all contributed to Appomattox.

You and I agree upon many points. Especially do we agree concerning Thomas, and I would be glad to see him made lieutenant-general. (He will continue to grow greater as long as he lives, and long after he dies. In many respects he is the greatest general the war produced, and the only one who annihilated an army.) Yet Thomas would not have done so well as Grant under the circumstances. Grant has treated me badly; but he

*but whiskey.*



was the right man in the right place during the war, and no matter what his faults were or are, the whole world can never write him down—remember that. I have always liked Sherman. (He is our greatest military genius. He is erratic and stubborn, but he don't know how to lie.) The time will come when Sheridan will be looked upon by many distinguished military men as greater than Grant. But Sheridan would not have had his great opportunity had it not been for Grant. Logan turned against me without cause. McCullough can explain that. You, too, are acquainted with the circumstances. McCullough declared that his cotton claim was a gigantic steal, and I could go no further. I strained a point to serve Logan, and went to McCullough personally. Jeff C. Davis was a gallant man, and he is one of my warmest friends, but I was greatly pained when he killed Nelson. I got Mr. Lincoln to make Nelson a brigadier. I have concluded that I wronged Buell. I wrote Mr. Lincoln that he was a traitor and I tried to prove it. My impression now is that he not only

did his best, but that he saved Grant at Shiloh. I have never changed my opinion of Fitz John Porter—I think he should have been shot. Mr. Lincoln is the greatest American that has ever lived. I do not mean by this to detract from the name of Washington; but Washington was an Englishman, you know, after all. I doubt whether there will ever be another Washington or another Lincoln. Butler is the most daring and unscrupulous demagogue I have ever known. But his services for the Union during the war can never be over-estimated. I can never thoroughly despise him on that account, although he even attempted to class me with Mr. Lincoln's assassins. As radical a Republican as he is, you will live to see him away over on the other side, and on all sides—remember what I say: he is the biggest political demagogue this country has ever produced. No human being but Grant could have bottled him up. I shall go to my grave with the firm belief that Davis, Cobb, Toombs, and a few more of the arch-conspirators and traitors should have been

tried, convicted, and hanged for treason. There was too much precious blood spilled on both sides not to have held the leading traitors responsible. If it was the last act of my life I'd hang Jeff Davis as an example. I'd show coming generations that, while the rebellion was too popular a revolt to punish many who participated in it, treason should be made odious and arch-traitors should be punished. But I might lose my head, for Horace Greeley, who made haste to bail out Jeff Davis, declares daily that I am a traitor. Great God Almighty! Just think of it.

There, I have written as much as you, and touched upon many topics. You may consider all I have written private, except what I have said concerning Miller. And in telling him what I have written, please use my language, as I want him to be impressed with my friendship.

Yours truly,

ANDREW JOHNSON.

## Second Marriages

[The "Graphic" takes pleasure in republishing the opinion of "The Lancer" of the "Times" on second marriages, their advisability and what prompts them.]

By "The Lancer."

While a first marriage may have been stumbled into blindly, as a bold and adventurous spirit might venture into the perils and dangers and unknown fortunes of a new and unexplored country, there is no greater compliment to be paid to matrimony than a second deliberate embarkation upon the seas, being proof positive that the delights of the voyage overbalance its threatened dangers from quicksands, shoals, treacherous undertow and divers perils of hidden rocks and wave and unplumbed depths.

Nevertheless there are many who do not marry again because they are afraid that Number Two will not be like Number One with whom they had been very happy; besides there are those who do not marry because they fear that Number Two will be like Number One; and some, having had

experience of both married and single life, prefer the latter, while some don't marry again, alas, because they cannot.

It is conclusive evidence that marriages are usually, as a rule happy when so many marry again—notwithstanding the funny papers to the contrary. In the various ways of selecting a husband or a wife, as the case may be, whether the process be called falling in love, finding an affinity, or just hunting about over the universe for anybody that will accept the vacancy, people—like water—seek their level. Perhaps this is because we are individually created so that perfect happiness or contentment can only be enjoyed in congenial environment, both as to the people with whom we must associate and our general surroundings.

Most of us have heard of the man who was so lonely after the loss of his wife that he bought him a tiger. Truly he must have liked excitement, and been able to say of his dear one that he seldom knew a dull moment in her company. Also of the old maid who claimed to enjoy about all that

marriage had to offer her in the possession of a cat that stayed out late of nights, a parrot that cursed and a monkey that smoked a pipe.

I am constrained to think that had either the widower or the old maid had a wife or husband of the ordinary habits and ways of domestic life, they would simply have perished of ennui.

Taste in matrimony is as varied as taste in pies, anyway, and confusion results at the pie counter only when two or more of its patrons must have the same piece.

Commenting on the fact that more poor widows marry again than wealthy ones, I once asked the dearest, sweetest little old maid in the State why it was that a widower, who could get better fare and service at a good hotel, ever married again. Her answer sounded just as she looks:

"I imagine," she said earnestly, "that he just feels sorry for some lonely woman, and takes her in out of the rain." Now wasn't that sweet?

## Grand Juries

How few are aware that the grand jury system is a relic of feudalism and distinctly foreign in its conception and adoption and should have no place in a republican form of government. In England, it has been the law from time immemorial that no person under arrest for a crime should be tried at the assizes or quarter sessions until the crime with which he was charged had been investigated and passed upon by a grand jury and a true bill found against him. From time to time legislation in England has decreed alterations in the procedure at assizes to avoid undue expense and hardship upon the parties appearing before such tribunals. But the preliminary trial before a grand jury has not called for any serious consideration either in that country or the United States.

The grand jury in England is composed of wealthy or influential men "the great unpaid," or those who have risen to prominence in the county. The English judge cares not for trouble and expense entailed upon the "ordinary" people or for the procedure, for

he is feted and lionized by the aristocracy and county magnates. Milton writes of the "grand" meaning the "great ones, the grandees." What is a grandee? A man of high rank and station, from the Spanish grande-great, hence the name "grand" jury.

The grand jury system is in many respects no better than the Star Chamber—a tribunal with civil and criminal jurisdiction, noted for its secrecy, wrong doing and tyranny—which was abolished in the reign of Charles I.

A grand jury performs its duties in secret, its deliberations are never made known, only its fiat or verdict. It either returns a "true bill" or the bill is thrown out.

Where are the reporters at such deliberations? Conspicuous by their absence—enforced absence—the eyes, ears and mouths of the people. Why this secrecy? Where are the advocates? Not present. Would not the people of the United States "secure the blessings of liberty" and justice for themselves without the intervention of grand

juries? Do they occupy such an important position in our criminal procedure that their abolition would affect the rights and liberties of any citizen?

Occasionally serious errors arise by the action of the grand jury, and the guilty are not punished. In the time of Henry II the law read that if a person was accused of certain crimes by the oath of twelve knights of the hundred or if there were no knights, of twelve free and lawful men and by the oath of four men from each township of the hundred—"let him go to the ordeal of water and if he fails let him lose one foot" (Justice Stephen's History of the Criminal Law of England).

The solid phalax of accusers generally meant conviction, for if even acquitted of the "ordeal," the "accused" was banished and thus this "accusation" was the gist of the proceedings, after the trial by ordeal was abolished.

The grand jurors were formerly accusers from their own knowledge—now only after hearing evidence, as is showing by the word-



ing of the bill of indictment. Formerly it was a means of notifying the Court of the commission of a crime in a certain district, by the head men of that district, who acted as public prosecutors or informers. When the "ordeal" was abolished no process for ascertaining the truth of the accusation (which amounted to a primary conviction) remained. To obviate any injustice that might be consequent upon this primary conviction, trial by "petty" jury was introduced.

It requires no great mental effort to arrive at the common sense conclusion that the court could obtain this information at the trial. As it is, the grand jurors make oath that the prisoner did commit a crime, not of their own knowledge, but upon an ex-parte statement, without any cross examination. Even the credibility of the witnesses is probably unknown to them.

The grand jurors do not prepare the evidence or bring the offender to justice as in the olden time. They only consider the evidence presented by the public prosecutor, who is virtually the accuser. The preliminary trial before the magistrate, followed by the trial before the "petty" jury, is surely sufficient protection to the accused. Is he benefitted by a trinity of trials, for there are three: (1) the hearing before the magistrate, (2) of one side before the grand jury and (3) of both sides again before the

"petty" jury?

Why not abolish (2) and expedite the work in the criminal courts? Time is money, and the expense attached to the grand jury system is heavy. In open court an acquittal means the clearing of the prisoner's character. He is returned "to the place from whence he came—free and unstained" but if a bill is thrown out the public does not know whether a technicality or sympathy freed the accused, and the shame and humiliation remains.

If the grand jury were abolished, it would do away with "direct" bills or presentments to grand juries which are sometimes resorted to, that is, without any preliminary inquiry before a justice of the peace, whereby an innocent person may be placed on trial, on ex-parte statements without an opportunity to call witnesses on his behalf or cross examine those of the prosecution. Arbitrary decisions are more than possible when tribunals act in private.

The press and public opinion are censors not to be trifled with.

Article 5 (amendment to the Constitution) reads: "No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on a presentment or indictment of a grand jury," with exceptions as to the land and naval forces and militia in time of war.

HERBERT T. ARKCOLL.

## By the Way

Stephens.

It appears that the announcement made in the "Examiner" early this week, that W. D. Stephens had decided to become a candidate for the Republican Congressional nomination, was not founded on fact. Mr. Stephens has decided that his business affairs would not permit him to leave the city, provided he obtained the nomination, which is the equivalent to election. Mr. Stephens is a friend of the publishers of this paper. No man in Los Angeles is better known, and certainly no man is more favorably known. Yet, with all his winning personal qualities, the "Graphic" thinks that Mr. Stephens would have made a serious error in consenting to this candidacy.

McLachlan.

Had Mr. Stephens decided to continue the canvas, he would almost certainly have been beaten in the primaries and in the convention which follows. There are some very excellent reasons why Mr. James McLachlan should return to Congress, reasons so good that the personal ambitions of any man should not prevail against them as long as Mr. McLachlan desires to go back. Mr. McLachlan occupies a much-coveted position on the Rivers and Harbors Committee, and is in a position to obtain everything necessary for the further improvement of San Pedro harbor, the one object which now lies nearest to the heart of the people of this district. Those unfamiliar with the situation in Washington may not believe it, but a new Congressman has little chance to obtain recognition. The best positions as to committee work are absorbed by the oldest members in point of service, and it is the older members who are best able to attend to the wants of their constituents. A new member in Congress is very much of a small potato in a large hill, no matter how great his personal qualifications. In other words, he has to prove himself.

No Change.

There is no necessity whatever for a change of Congressman, and were Mr. McLachlan desirous of retiring, it would be the height of folly to name as his successor any man unwilling to give less than ten years of his life to the service of the district. Eastern communities very well understand the necessity of keeping the same Congressman in harness, although this point never seems to have occurred to the states of the Pacific Coast, with the single ex-

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ception when Oregon returned Binger Hermann year after year, thereby obtaining the most influential position of any state of the Pacific Coast section of the country.

### His Ambitions.

In the case of a man like W. D. Stephens, it is very natural that he should look for political preferment as a recognition for his undoubted services for the city. At the last Republican City Convention, Mr. Stephens could have had the nomination for Mayor, but declined it, saying that he was neither rich enough nor poor enough to be mayor. What Mr. Stephens has in mind I have no means of knowing. Maybe it is the governorship, and if so, he could go to any Republican State Convention with the united delegation from Southern California, something which has been a rarity in recent Republican State Conventions.

### Whittier.

The State Board of Charities and Corrections has been delegated by Governor Gillett to make a thorough investigation into the affairs of the Whittier school. If one-half of the charges made in connection with that institution are founded on fact, there should be the cleanest sort of a sweep, and a re-organization that will forever eliminate politics from the affairs of the school. Mr. C. C. Desmond, who has been gathering up the evidence showing mismanagement and immorality at Whittier, is not the sort of man to make the charges he has, without a foundation of the best sort of evidence. I am told that he has a good-sized safe full of documents in the case and that it will require, perhaps, two weeks to present this material properly to the investigators. Much of this evidence is of a nature that cannot be published and when the investigation begins the newspapers will have to handle it carefully.

### Bond Buyers.

From sentimental reasons, perhaps, many of us would like to see the Owens River aqueduct bonds handled by local bond dealers. At the time I write, the council had not declared in favor of either the Kountz-Leach proposition for handling the bonds, or the local proposition coming from J. C. Drake and James H. Adams. The principal point of interest is that Los Angeles city bonds to the amount of \$23,000,000 for constructing that aqueduct are salable and that the matter of financing the deal is no longer a problem. The solution of this question, I think, is to be found in the fact that these bonds are available for use as the basis for emergency currency under the Aldrich-Vreeland act. Hereafter good city bonds will be more easily handled than at any time in the history of the country—and for the reason that they will be available for currency issues.

### Burton.

Professor Richard Burton of the University of Minnesota commenced this week a series of instructive and erudite lectures on the subject of "The Drama." The lectures are being given at the Cumnoek School of Oratory and are creating deep interest among students of the drama. Professor Burton's first lecture last Tuesday morning was devoted to "The Drama as a Social Source," and in his subsequent discourses

he is considering specific figures in modern drama, notably Ibsen, Sudermann, Maeterlinck, Stephen Phillips and Shaw. Mr. Burton is one of the foremost authorities on his subject in this country and is also an exceedingly interesting speaker.

### "Loce"—What?

The editor of the "Times" magazine has been having a fearful time with himself and with others in deciding which pronunciation of Los Angeles is proper. Charles F. Lummis's proposed "Loce Ang-el-ess" with a as in Ann, g as in anger and the e's as in bed, finds no support. Here are some of the authorities (?):

The "Times"—Loce Awng-hail-es, with the "awng" as in awning, and the awng accented.

Jerome Hart—Prefers the "Times" version, although not precisely correct as to the "awng."

Ernesto Protocarrero, Berlitz School of Languages—Loce On-hal-ess.

Domingo C. Maya—Loce ahn'-hay-les.

Anyway they are all agreed as to "Loce;" but still I expect to hear it called many times and oft "Little old Loss"—and that with no attempt at the puzzling "Angeles."

### Gasoline?

James Schultz of the E. K. Wood Lumber Co. is a convert to the proposition not to be too confident of anything, without ocular demonstration. Mr. Schultz was out automobiling with a party a short time since. The machinery stopped and Schultz turned investigator. He went over the engine, he crawled underneath the machine, he wore himself into a temper and got oil in his hair. After an hour of futile search a lady in the party suggested that perhaps the gasoline was exhausted.

"Nonsense," quoth Schultz as he continued pegging away.

Half an hour elapsed. Enter on the scene W. H. Holliday, better known to his intimates as Harry Holliday. He offered assistance.

"I am in trouble sure enough," said the exasperated Schultz, "but I cannot locate it."

"Maybe there is no gasoline in the tank," suggested Holliday.

"Rubbish," said Schultz. "Don't you think I know when I have gasoline?"

"Never mind—I am going to look," returned Holliday.

The tank was empty. A five-gallon can passed from the Holliday auto to the Schultz auto.

"Don't think you can pay me for that gasoline," was Holliday's parting jest. "You can't do it. The spectacle of you being under a machine hunting for trouble, when

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nothing was wrong is worth \$500 to me. You will hear of this."

Schultz has.

#### For Revenue Only.

The San Francisco "Bulletin," like Mr. Heney, believes that the gullibility of the public is supreme. Last Saturday the "Bulletin" delivered itself of a half-page editorial on the crimes of racing and gambling, crying with a loud voice that California must follow the example of New York, Louisiana and other recent converts, and put a stop to the evils and dangers of betting on horse races. It was a most righteous homily, flawless in its argument, excellent in its expression. Unhappily, it is inevitable that any one with eyes to see should question the "Bulletin's" sincerity. The racing season at Emeryville had only just concluded. It had lasted seven or eight months, and throughout that long session the "Bulletin" published several racing editions every day. Besides devoting these entire issues to racing news, its own "tips," and the advertisements of "clockers" and "handicappers," its regular editions contained pages calculated to stimulate the appetite of "sports." Just as long as the racing season was in progress, the "Bulletin" made a bid for every cent that could be gathered in from this source. As soon as its income from the racetrack temporarily ceases, it makes a bold bid for the pennies and support of those who wish to see open gambling suppressed. Yesterday the champion of the racetrack, today a crusader against it. And the "Bulletin" expects the public to swallow such cyclone change of diet and to believe in its integrity of motive and purity of purpose in this as in its other crusades. The "Bulletin" has but one policy, and it is patent enough to the discerning—"For Revenue Only." In a minor way, the lottery evil in San Francisco is as harmful as racing. But the "Bulletin" fosters and encourages this evil by regularly publishing the drawings of those companies which still continue to evade the law and grow rich from despoiling suckers. The "Bulletin," however, refuses to admit that it is a partner in crime with the lottery companies.

#### The Betting Evil.

The evils of the racetrack gambling are indisputable. As surely as the sun sets each evening, the racetrack claims its victims.

The hopeless folly of backing horses is acknowledged by those familiar with racing and is constantly revealed to the public, but even those who have "gone broke" a dozen times from "following the ponies" still hunger and thirst after one more chance to "make a killing." The penalty of attempting to "get rich quick" by this or any other method involves nine chances out of ten of penury, crime and disgrace. But thousands of men and women, in the face of this certain knowledge and its constant revelation, continue to chase the one chance in ten. If racetrack gambling is effectually abolished these same deluded mortals will be sure to find some other way of tempting Fortune. Centuries of civilization have not eradicated this human instinct, and all the attempts of wise or foolish legislation will not eradicate it. The racetrack question is much the same as the liquor question. If men are prohibited from drinking whisky and beer they will revert to patent medicines and worse poisons. If men cannot go to racetracks, they will revert to gambling devices even more reprehensible, because they will not be "in the open" but beyond the eye of the law and its regulation.

#### Two Years More.

The racing men in California are not fearful that the next Legislature will put an end to their industry. One of the biggest and most influential of them tells me that two more years of racing in California are assured because a sufficient number of hold-over senators remain to block any anti-racetrack legislation at the next session. But in the near future California will have to face this problem, and it is certain that most of the candidates for the Legislature will be forced to declare themselves for or against the racetrack. If not in January, 1909, certainly two years later, we are likely to witness as severe a struggle, on a minor scale, as that which recently was concluded at Albany. Millions are invested in California racetracks, not only directly, but indirectly by the transportation companies in whose incomes a big hole would be made by the abolition of racing.

#### Horse Breeding at End.

To what extent the anti-betting laws in New York have affected one industry is apparent from the following telegram from Lexington, Ky.:

"As the result of anti-betting laws in New York, James B. Haggin, proprietor of the Elmendorf stock farm here, has announced that he will sell out all his horse stock and turn his attention to breeding fine cattle. Haggin has at his farm here 600 stallions and mares which, he says, are worth \$1,000,000, or were until the passage of the bills. He has 150 yearlings, worth \$1000 each in ordinary times, but now says they will not bring \$150 each. At the head of his stud is Watercress, for which he paid \$70,000 two years ago. He has several mares worth from \$10,000 to \$15,000 each. The various owners most vitally damaged by the new laws are J. B. Haggin, who owns 7000 acres of land; John E. Madden, 3000 acres; James R. Keene, 900 acres; August Belmont, 200 acres, and Milton Young, 1000 acres. Fully 5000 men will be thrown out of employment here when values fall."

We may next expect to read of the dis-



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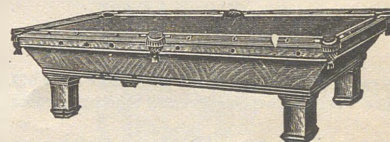
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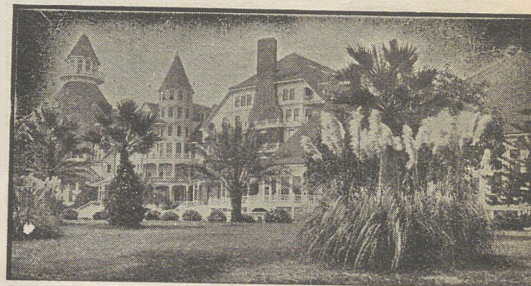
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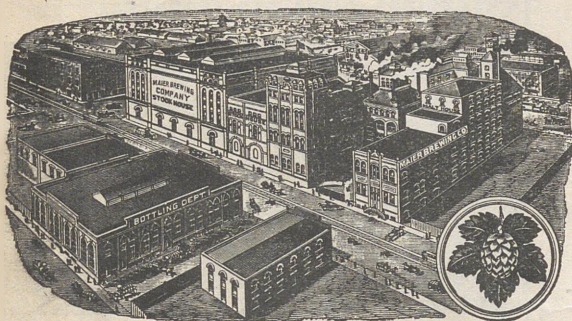
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organization of nearly every breeding establishment in the United States.

**Morley.**

Jim Morley, who, as everyone knows, has been engaged in various amusement enterprises in Los Angeles for the past seven or eight years, is the leading spirit these days in providing entertainment for visitors to Venice. Not only has Morley secured a billiard room and bowling alley at the beach, but he is a sort of impromptu director-general for everything in the amusement line at Abbot Kinney's domain. Morley has an almost wizard-like judgment in amusement matters, and he can see the strength and weakness of any entertainment proposition, apparently at a glance. He has the notion packed away in his head that there should be "something doing all the time" in amusements, and I shouldn't be surprised to hear that many varied entertainments have been arranged by him for the summer months.

**A Slight Shock.**

The slight temblor which was felt in this vicinity last Friday morning apparently was of sufficient importance for the Associated Press and special correspondents to give it wide publicity. The San Francisco newspapers did not overlook the opportunity. But temblors of similar shock are of such frequent occurrence in the northern metropolis that nobody takes any notice of them. Besides the news correspondents up North are better disciplined.

**Dawn of Prosperity.**

All the evidences of financial depression are rapidly disappearing. Harry Carr, the bright young man of the "Times," assures us that it has been impossible to get a bed in Denver for less than \$10 a night and that "it costs \$2 or \$3 to look at the head waiter or to speak to a bellboy." Is Harry growing anxious about his expense account? I hope for the sake of his personal bank account the "Mean Man from Maine" will not have to O. K. his bills. But Carr's correspondence has been well worth the cost.

**Intrepid Explorers.**

Charles Frederick Holder, the angler and writer of Pasadena, who has done much to make the waters of the Southwest famous, has a thrilling story in one of this month's magazines, describing the escape of three sheepherders from the island of San Cle-

mente. Senator Flint should read this yarn and also study the recent experiences of Arthur Dodge and Mr. Von Blon of the "Times" staff before he embarks on his San Clemente trip with such distinguished cargo as Secretary of the Interior Garfield and Forester Pinchot. Imagine the sensation if such a trio were to find themselves marooned on this desert isle with nothing but a mutton diet ahead of them. However, Frank Flint will not neglect the commissary.

**The Ravings of Rea.**

The Lincoln-Roosevelt League can hardly be congratulated on the latest addition to its forces in the person of Mr. James Rea of San Jose. Rea, for many years, was the undisputed boss of Santa Clara politics, until he was dethroned by Johnnie McKenzie. Apparently Rea would now like to turn the Lincoln-Roosevelt League into a collection agency to settle his accounts with W. F. Herrin.

**It is to Laugh.**

The verbose and flowery reports of "insurgent outbreaks" along the Mexican border make me laugh. Whenever ten or a dozen bandits go on a raid anywhere along the border, the newspaper fakers at El Paso, Nogales and similarly situated points, can invariably be depended upon to spin out column after column of superheated language—drawing on their imaginations for materials. There is really nothing much doing along the Mexican line; most of the "action" is located in the fake factories at El Paso.

**Enlarging.**

The Read Advertising Agency is enlarging its scope and its force. John Renfrew, formerly of the Renfrew Advertising Co., and H. C. Galloupe, formerly of a local weekly, have become associated with the agency and in point of equipment the Read Agency now stands second to none on the coast, having five thoroughly trained advertising men, four assistants and two artists—eleven people, all told. The Read Agency is now prepared not only to write, design, illustrate and place advertising, but to prepare literature and undertake mail order advertising, follow up systems and booklets.

**Booster Al Levy.**

It was a good bit of wisdom for the Hotel and Restaurant Men's Association of Southern California to induce Al Levy, the President of the Association, to go to Dallas on Wednesday last with the rest of the antlered herd and boost for Los Angeles for next year's place of meeting. Al Levy is the possessor of those clever and generous methods that sometimes even persuade dead-set men to change their minds. I repeat—it was a case of excellent foresight to secure the booster services of the all-round get-there Al.

**Back Again.**

Eddie Maier, who has been away for nearly a month, is back again as rotund and as radiant as ever. His particular object in going East during the summer solstice was to attend the Brewers' Convention in Milwaukee. But as Chicago and New York are not far from Milwaukee he thought he would drop down to the Windy City and see



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how much it cost for a seat at the National Republican Convention and go over to Gotham and see what the Four Hundred of that city knew about automobiling. Eddie is a man of few words, as a general thing, but when you get him started concerning the red-hot days of Chicago and the humidity of New York no emergency brake can hold him. He says he noticed one thing wherever he went, and that was, according to his information from a variety of sources, that beer was considered not only a refreshing and temperate beverage, but much safer than most teas and coffees and nearly all so-called "soft" and other adulterated potables.

#### Wanted, a Fool-Killer.

Our "unco" guid" friends, the Universal Regulators, are "overlooking a trick." They have tried to prevent the opening of the theatres on Sunday; they are invading the sacred precincts of the best clubs and in other directions have been making themselves perniciously officious. Up in Oregon, where the rain frequently interferes with good sport, the new district attorney, Mr. George J. Cameron, has discovered a statute prohibiting Sunday baseball games. District Attorney Cameron takes the novel and alarming position that all State laws should be enforced. Ethically, Mr. Cameron's position is unassailable. Practically—well, if there are as many fool laws on Oregon's statute books as on California's, it will be well to forget them, if nobody has the courage to cause their appeal. The "Graphic" will make a handsome donation to the lawyer who will tabulate all the State laws in California which are ignored and violated

every day. A California Legislature, only seven or eight years ago, made it unlawful for a newspaper to print any person's photograph or to cartoon or caricature him without his written consent; a bill was also enacted requiring writers in newspapers to sign their names to any article reflecting on the character of any individual; and at this same historical session, if my memory serves me right, a bill was drawn making an "open season" for the shooting of editors. The number of laws on California's statute book which daily are honored more by their breach than their observance must be considerable. Apparently the same conditions obtain in Oregon and other states. The truth of the matter is that most state legislatures need guardians—they usually have nurses and doctors who, however, are chiefly concerned in seeing that the child legislators absorb the food and medicine they prescribe. Obviously, it is shockingly bad citizenship to have laws on the statute book, or, for that matter, city ordinances, which are not enforced and which cannot be enforced. What is the cure? One remedy, at least, is to put the lid on the energies of the Universal Regulators, and to prevent their cumbering the statute book and the city ordinances with their fool notions. We are in sore need of a foolkiller in Los Angeles these days.

#### "Expletives."

The atmosphere wasn't as torrid in Denver this week as in Chicago three weeks ago, but the Democracy, early in the game, determined to have more fun and excitement than their "canned" opponents. The preliminaries before the main event were certainly interesting. Witwess the encounter between Mr. James M. Guffey, the national committeeman from Pennsylvania, and the Peerless One himself. Colonel Guffey's reply to Colonel Bryan assuredly was "hot stuff." In conclusion the Pennsylvania Colonel remarked: "I have replied to Mr. Bryan's vituperative assault upon me with calmness and restraint. The use of expletives is clearly unnecessary." But in the very same paragraph Colonel Guffey called Colonel Bryan "the self convicted hypocrite," "the hypocrite," "the most arrogant boss" and "the ingrate," and in a previous paragraph, "the most impudent, domineering, devastating boss the Democratic party has ever known." What, in the name of Democratic harmony, are "expletives"? In our own State, we have Colonel Tom Fox of Sacramento calling Colonel Theodore Bell of Napa, a "damned liar"—and to his face, too! Perhaps that is really an "expletive."

#### Publicity.

The Hotel Hollywood is to be congratulated on its press agent. It is not every hotel that can accommodate guests who lose \$15,000 worth of diamonds in the morning and find them under the bed in the afternoon. The Hotel Hollywood should become a favorite resort for "resting" actresses.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

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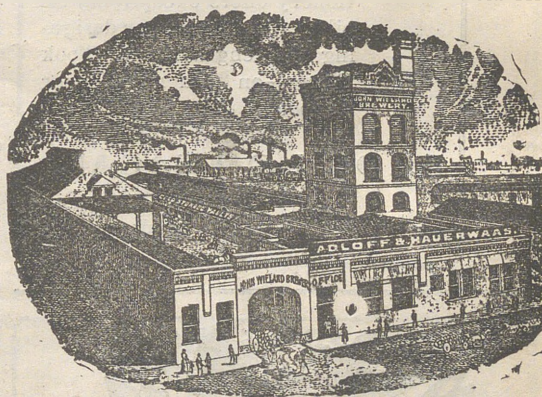
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### Belasco Changes.

It is a dull day when nothing is stirring around the Belasco Theater. Changes are made in the company; there is a revolution in some of the inner workings; all in all, the place is nearly as uncertain as a Hearst newspaper. And so it comes to pass that the change in ownership and the announcement that John H. Blackwood is to organize a new company for the Auditorium, while sweeping enough, surprises nobody. Adolph

Ramish, who has been identified with the firm of Belasco, Mayer & Co. since the theater was opened, has sold his interest to Captain A. C. Jones, who once was in the "show" business long before he thought of going into the old Los Angeles Furniture Company. Along with this announcement comes the news that a new company is to hold the boards at the Auditorium, with John H. Blackwood in command, and with Lewis Stone and possibly George Barnum as leading lights.

### The New Managers.

It was a great surprise, of course, to learn that Captain A. C. Jones had ambitions to re-enter the theatrical field, but no surprise at all to hear that John Blackwood was going to strike out on his own account. For months Mr. Blackwood has been restless, and has been planning to get into business for himself. "I think that I have worked long enough for other people," said he one evening not long ago in the little cubby hole at the side of the theater entrance. "It is time I was striking out for myself. I have done pretty well here for others, why shouldn't I get in and do the same for myself?" When any man feels that way, he is certain, sooner or later, to make an opening for himself, and that is what Blackwood has done at the Auditorium.

### His Ideals.

Captain Jones is a close student of the drama, and his ideals are the highest. He is not a man to be satisfied with anything except the best, and the patrons of the Belasco can rest assured that under his careful eye the highest possible standard will be maintained. Blackwood's plans are, of course, in a rather tentative shape. An early trip will be made to New York, to gather up a company.

### Gas Company Sale.

The sale of the control of the City Gas Company by the Sartori-Hellman interests to the Huntington people was duly anticipated in these columns some weeks ago. It is made a condition of the sale that the purchasers shall go ahead with the work instituted by Mr. Sartori and his associates, and that there shall be no amalgamation with the Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company. Inasmuch as the electric lighting section of the Huntington interests is on friendly terms with the electric lighting department of the Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company, it is not difficult to foretell that nothing very fierce will be doing in the gas business. Indeed, I am inclined to doubt whether such agreements as that reported to have been made by the Sartori-Hellman combination with the purchasers will hold water in the courts. The courts generally have been unwilling to sanction the validity of such agreements, holding them to be in restraint of trade.

### Luckenbach's Suit.

Every man who is interested in buying an automobile will have a concern in the recent judgment obtained by John Luckenbach against A. J. Smith. Mr. Luckenbach has been given judgment for \$520. Some time ago Mr. Smith sold to Mr. Luckenbach, rep-

resenting that the purchaser was getting a 1907 machine. In fact, what was delivered was a 1906 machine. On learning what had been done, Mr. Luckenbach brought suit against the seller of the machine. I do not know of any similar cases, but the point should be remembered by every one who has reason to think that he has not received what he has bought.

### Bixby-Robertson.

Mrs. Juliette Graham Bixby, one of the most prominent figures in Los Angeles society, was married Thursday afternoon at her home in St. James Park to Lieutenant-Commander A. H. Robertson, of the United States Navy. The ceremony was performed by Chaplain Dickens of the cruiser Tennessee, to which vessel Lieutenant-Commander Robertson is assigned. The bride's attendants were Miss Echo Allen and Mrs. Bixby's little son, Harry. Lieutenant W. W. Galbraith was best man, and the groomsmen were Lieutenant Jensen, S. B. McKinney and F. T. Gross. Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Robertson will take a short wedding tour in an automobile before departing for Puget Sound.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First-class service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

### Newman.

It may be a little early to include Newman among the "World's Epoch Makers," but Dr. Charles Sarolea in his "Cardinal Newman" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons) certainly makes a fair case for him. Whatever may be thought of the conclusions in this essay, it is an undeniably well digested survey of Newman's writings that is wholly freed from the glamor of his English style. The author demonstrates ingeniously that

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Newman was by nature a Catholic and that his conversion was the logical outcome of his development against which he fought for many years. He denies that he was in any sense a liberal and particularly that he can be called an advocate of modernism. The parallel between Pascal and Newman is interesting. The book deserves attention by those who disagree with the author as well as those who are ready to accept his statements.

Two more volumes issued in "Longmans' Pocket Library," by John Henry, Cardinal Newman, should at least extend the layman's knowledge of his English beyond the "Apologia" and the often printed hymns. One, "The Church of the Fathers," is a most interesting excerpt from his historical essays; the other, the lectures on "University Teaching," has its religious no less than its educational value. Each presents a compact theme explained in Newman's admirable English and should help to popularize his work as it deserves. (Longmans, Green and Company.)

#### Abstruse.

Nowadays it is necessary to read some, at least, of the "popular magazines" with a dictionary at close hand. The current issue of the "American Magazine" discourses on "Socialism," and its pabulum is designed for popular consumption. For this reason such words as "prophylaxis" and "marasmus" are thrust upon the unfortunate reader. It is a safe bet that not one per cent of the "American's" readers could translate either of these offensively difficult terms. It would appear that the main purpose of the "American's" editors was to display their own learning, but it is poor policy to do so at the expense of the reader's ease and comfort. The "American" is too young in years to be suffering from "marasmus," but evidently is in need of "prophylactic" treatment. Perhaps both these terms are symptoms of Lincoln Stuffinsism.

#### Heney's Bluff Called.

The Portland "Oregonian" has stood for Heney and Heneyism as long as it possibly could. Evidently, Editor Harvey W. Scott at last realizes that it is high time to "call" Heney's bluffs. The following editorial appeared in a recent issue of the "Oregonian" and its conclusions apply with equal force and aptness to other "dirty farces" that have been enacted in San Francisco for the last eighteen months:

#### IT IS A DIRTY FARCE.

Some three years ago, more or less, Binger Hermann was indicted by an Oregon grand jury, on accusation of complicity in land frauds. The country has been waiting for the proofs. A continuous stream of insinuations has come out of the detective and other official service to the effect that there was "hot stuff" about Hermann. The newspapers have been supplied with it, in Oregon, at Washington, and more or less throughout the country. But Hermann has not been brought to trial. Is there, in reality, any proof against him? Or is this an industrious proceeding, on the part of detectives and prosecuting attorneys, to make it appear that they have been earning their money?

The same about Senator Fulton. There has been an infinite amount of talk against him, in official circles. Heney made long speeches against him. Officials of the Department of Justice, here and at Washington, have been giving out whispers for years that "they had the dope on Fulton"; that he was subject to indictment, and that terrible things were to be told and revealed. But they never do anything but utter cowardly and malicious insinuations, telling the people through the news-

papers that awful revelations are coming. "We can't tell much now, but there be those that could tell an' they would; just wait."

The "Oregonian" thinks that both Mr. Hermann and Mr. Fulton have waited long enough, and that the public has waited long enough. We now believe that Mr. Hermann never will be brought to trial, and that no distinct charges ever will be formulated against Mr. Fulton. This dirty and cowardly business is now about at an end.

Joe Scott, who has lately been elected a member of the Sunset Club, was the other day asked how he got along with such a bunch of merry-makers, and he replied: "O, my life is full of merriment; you know I am a member of the Board of Education." And he never cracked a smile.

#### Artistic Booklet.

The Fine Arts League has issued an admirable brochure setting forth its objects and the obligations of the people. A foreword to "A Message from the Fine Arts League," is written by Mr. T. E. Gibbon in such facile and graceful diction that it is easy to see the once eloquent lawyer is growing in literary accomplishment by his practice in writing "Herald" editorials. There are nearly a hundred words in Mr. Gibbon's first sentence, which seems to prove he sticks to the Ciceronian model. The League's "Scope and Purpose" are well defined by Mrs. W. H. Housh, past-president, to whose energy and enthusiasm the League's existence is largely due. The booklet also contains "A Plea for a Juvenile Theater" by Mrs. Bertha H. Baruch, and an equally forceful demand for an adequate music hall by Mr. Harley Hamilton. It is an artistic little volume, with an artistic mission.

#### At Avalon.

Miss May Banning has been a guest for several days of Mrs. R. H. Ingram at Descanso. The arrival of J. B. Banning and family has been deferred until after they return from their automobile trip to San Francisco, about a week hence, when they will come to the island for the balance of the season.

The Pattons will occupy their cottage on

Sumner avenue as soon as they return from West Point, whither they went to witness the graduation of their son from the military academy there. Thomas Brown came over Saturday and opened up the Patton cottage on Sumner avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Wotkyns, accompanied by their guest, Miss Katherine Redding of San Francisco, were over-Sunday guests at the Metropole.

Well known Angelenos who spent the Fourth at Avalon, registering at the Metropole, were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carhart, Gregory Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. George Montgomery and son, Dr. D. W. Edelman, Dr. Jas. D. McCoy, Dr. J. F. Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. V. Baldwin, Bradner W. Lee and party of New York guests, which included Mr. and Mrs. Ernest H. Green, Mrs. F. Naylor and Miss Bessie McCune.

B. O. Kendall and son Jack come over from Pasadena the end of last week and took luxurious quarters in Campus Virginia. Saturday Master Jack hauled in a twenty-pound yellowtail, which won him a bronze button from the Light Tackle Club.

The Evian, Wm. Bayly's trim little yacht, dropped anchor in Avalon Bay Friday evening and remained till Sunday night. Mr. Bayly had as his guests Wm. and Reese Llewellyn, J. J. Fay, Jr., and J. M. Hale.

Captain C. M. Goodall and daughter Helen, of Oakland, arrived at the Metropole on Monday for their annual visit, which will cover several weeks.

A. H. Voight of the California Furniture Company has gone East for an absence of six or seven weeks. While East he will visit the furniture expositions which are now in session at Chicago and Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Washburn have returned from a three months' automobile tour through the North.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Pruess, who have been visiting the leading cities in the East during the last two or three months, returned home this week.



## Back East

### Excursions

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Baltimore, Md.....	107.50	Leavenworth, Kan....	60.00	Pacific Junction, Ia...	60.00
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Houston, Tex.....	60.00	New York, N. Y.....	108.50	St. Paul, Minn.....	73.50
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Montreal, Quebec, \$108.50; Toronto, Canada, \$94.40.  
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Let me make your sleeping car reservations early and explain details.

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## Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

It's warm work shopping nowadays, with everything full of dust and heat waves, and it was refreshing to stop at the vanity department of the Ville de Paris, where things actually smell clean and cool. If you want the real thing in perfumes, my dear, just take a whiff of those at this store. They have a novelty in the Perfume Pompeii, a delicious scent that is used in sachets, toilet water, soap, and the whole category of toilet articles. Violet's perfumes are as well known here as in Paris, and those at the Ville are like a breath of summer wind, laden with all sorts of sweet things.

I saw the neatest vanity possible at this department—a trim, rubber-lined bag of silk moire, in which one may carry one's bathing suit. These bags are not very large—just enough to hold the garment comfortably, with a bit of room to spare for the bric-a-brac necessary to femininity—and I suppose will be the occasion for many a joke by the opposite sex for the unquestioned scantiness of the bathing suit. The Ville is also the place for travelers' conveniences. One of the most appealing of these is the cold cream that comes in a cake like soap, and which can be packed in a soap box. All one needs is a soft cloth with which to apply it—and

one is promised eternal comfort. It's a mighty nice thing to have a cake or a vial of this cream in your bag on a beach trip. You'll get no end of comfort out of a single application of it to your lobster-red nose. Therefore take heed and seek the Ville.

It is always like a trip to Fairyland to take a stroll through the art department of the good Boston Store—particularly among the glass, the brasses and the statues. They are receiving a new stock of beauteous things which will be well worth a visit. Dull old bronzes and brasses that make wonderful reflections in a fire-lit room; cold white statues, with especially selected pedestals, smiling down at you with clear, chiseled lips; rarely beautiful pieces in Bohemian and Venetian ware that are splashes of color against their background of mirrors. Of course the Boston has everything in cut glass, from the daintiest of bon-bon dishes to the magnificent punchbowls that become veritable rainbows of color when the light strikes them. Next week the store intends to put on sale any number of satin-finish straw baskets, in quaint shapes that are much in demand for handkerchief and work baskets; and the Boston's promise that they will be a bargain sounds good to me.

There'll be more next week, even in this betwixt and between season.

As ever,

LUCILLE.

South Figueroa Street, July Eighth.

Manager John S. Wollacott of the Hotel Redondo has instituted an entertainment feature on the hotel grounds which should prove a good attraction throughout the summer. He has fitted up a Spanish garden on the grounds of the Hotel Redondo, and in this he will serve Spanish dinners, and all of the favorite dishes of the old California days. By special arrangement, parties can reserve tables. The formal opening will take place this Saturday night, and after this Sunday the garden will be closed for a week so that its appointments may be perfected. A week hence the garden will be opened permanently.

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## On the Stage and Off

There is the same charm lingering about "The Rose of the Rancho" that one finds in the haunting strains of an old love song sung in the twilight of a summer evening—an elusive, langourous charm of atmosphere heavy-laden with the fragrance of California roses, of dusky-eyed girls with red blossoms tucked in their dark locks, of soft-voiced Spaniards who dream their lives away in the land of manana. From the moment the curtain rises on the mission garden, bowered with roses and basking in the white sunlight—the gentle padre dozing in the shade and the gayly-garbed caballero taking his siesta beneath a palm—the dreamy

spirit of the land of the poppy drugs one's veins, until the appearance of the eager, feverish-voiced Americanos arouses a sympathetic resentment in us. And so we drift along on the current, forget the melodrama and the incongruities, unwilling and unable to analyze the play's attraction, and leave with an ardent desire to witness it again.

The production of this play at the Belasco serves as an introduction for Jane Grey as Juanita. Miss Grey is good to look upon, with an intangible resemblance to Lillian Albertson, and if her first effort may be taken as evidence, she is a more than ordinarily clever actress. And such a winsome

bit of a madeup as she makes of the little Spanish maid! Belasco audiences are not easy to please, but they have set the stamp of their approval on the demure witchery of Jane Grey.

Of course, Lewis Stone is hugely satisfying as Kearney, showing all that fine perception that is a distinguishing mark of his work. His adroit handling of the climax scene of the second act is especially commendable in the delicate line drawn between brutality and masterfulness.

Howard Scott is an ideally theatrical caballero as Don Luis, and Charles Ruggles contributes another of his wonderfully good



bits as the pitiful Sumol.

"The Rose of the Rancho" deserves a run equal to that of "The Girl." It is worth going to see a second time, if only to hear Jane Grey's delicious voicing of Juanita's English, and to see the excellent mountings.

At the Mason this week William Stoermer is exploiting his new political play, "The Swastika." The scenic effects are unusually good, but the drama is almost entirely lacking in value.

Mediocrity marks nearly every turn on this week's bill at the Orpheum. The "Seven Hoboes" tell a few stories and sing a few songs in a stereotyped fashion oddly at variance with the eccentricities of their attire. John and Mae Burke wander through a Cressy sketch that contains nothing new, and Sadie Sherman gives a few good impersonations. The acrobatic feats of Zeno, Jordan and Zeno are skillfully done, but commonplace. Of the holdovers, Willy Pantzer is the one enlivening feature of the program.

Daniel Frohman, the New York managerial potentate, has engaged rooms at the Metropole, Avalon, for himself and wife for Sunday. Mrs. Frohman, who is known to the stage as Margaret Illington, will rest over Sunday on the island before opening her engagement in Los Angeles next week. She went to Catalina direct from San Francisco, where she has been filling a three weeks' engagement there and in Oakland, besides assisting at the Actors' Fund matinee Thursday afternoon in San Francisco. Mr. Frohman lent invaluable assistance to this worthy cause by contributing to the program his one-act play, "A Maker of Men," with his wife and Bruce McRae in the leading roles. A good deal of romantic interest clusters about the charming wife of Mr. Frohman, aside from her unquestioned talent as an actress. A few years ago she, an unknown young woman from Bloomington, Ill., stormed not only New York, but captured as well the most confirmed bachelor in the artistic and literary world of Gotham when she won the heart of Daniel Frohman, its popular theatrical manager.

Charles Frohman will present "The Thief" at the Mason Opera House for one week, starting Monday, July 13. "The Thief" proved the dramatic sensation of New York this season, and ran for ten months at the Lyceum Theater. It is the work of Henri Bernstein, one of the younger and most brilliant of French dramatists. "The Thief" is in three acts, all the unities of time, place and incident being observed—the action taking place within about twelve hours time.

Produced first in Paris, at the Renaissance Theater, "The Thief" has since been translated into English, German, Spanish, Swedish, and in all countries where produced has made an instant sensation and been accorded an extraordinary measure of public favor. This universal success of "The Thief" is due to the profound insight into the human heart which the author is said to possess, and the enthralling human manner in which he has developed an ingenious plot and his skillful delineation of marked and grossing types. A play for all classes, in its acting "The Thief" is pre-eminently a



Margaret Illington in "The Thief" at the Mason

woman's play. In Paris Madame Le Bargy, in London, Irene Vanbrugh; In New York, Margaret Illington, all have attained positive triumphs in the role of Marie Voysin. Margaret Illington will be recalled for her splendid portrayal of the young wife in the John Drew production of "His House in Order." Miss Illington amply demonstrated with Mr. Drew her emotional strength and sureness in dramatic appeal. The engagement of "The Thief" in this city is necessarily short, the company having an extended tour before it. The story of the play is as follows:

The Voysins, husband and wife, are visiting M. and Mme. Lagardes at their country home. The Lagardes have a son, Fernand, who is smitten with Mme. Voysin, and writes her the most ardent love letters. Mme. Voysin, who is young and charming, and who loves her husband with an unswerving devotion, treats the young man's amatory attitude lightly, as a sort of romantic flutter that will soon pass away. She is good natured and good humored toward him, but his attentions have made no other impression upon her than that they are the outbreak of a silly sentimentality on his part. He writes her love letter, which he places under the pillow of the bed in her boudoir, and leaves them around in other places where he knows she will find them. This letter writing leads him into a serious dif-

ficulty, upon which he has not at all reckoned, for Mme. Lagardes has had money stolen from her bureau drawer, and as a detective named Zambault, who is in the house masquerading as a friend of Mr. Lagardes, has seen Fernand quietly creeping up the stairs to the bedroom, and has also seen him take something from the drawer in question, he openly accuses him of being the thief. It is known that Fernand has had an affair with a pretty actress, to whom he has made presents, and it looks as if he had stolen the money to meet the financial requirements of the case. The Lagardes are astonished at the revelation. They refuse to believe the detective. He unfolds bit by bit, however, his evidence, and the father is at last convinced. He sends for his son. Fernand has gone into the grounds to recover the letters he wrote to Mme. Voysin, she having told him where he would find them, unopened and unread. Mme. Voysin volunteers to go after Fernand when the father demands his presence. She returns in a moment with him. To the amazement of everybody but the detective, Fernand confesses his guilt. His father, furious at the young man's disgrace, decides to send him away for a period to a distant country, where he can earn and repay his stolen money. Of course, Fernand is not the thief. The discovery of the real culprit and the boy's exculpation come later on. Mean-



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### VAUDEVILLE

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The Popular Artist of the Morning Telegraph,  
**Bert Levy,**  
Depicting Famous Men and Pretty Women.

**Sagar Midgley & Gertie Carlisle,**  
In their Rural Comedy, "After School."

**World & Kingston,** **Clifford & Burke,**  
International Favorites. Singing and Talking Comedians.

**Zeno, Jordan & Zeno,** **John & Mae Burke,**  
Aerial Gymnasts. Musical Comedians.

**Sadie Sherman,**  
"At the Photographer's."

**Orpheum Motion Pictures.**  
Jesse L. Lasky's Latest Novelty,

"Seven Hoboes,"  
In the Tramp Satire, "ON THE ROAD."

Matinee Everyday.

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WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, JULY 13

New Song Hits, Advanced Vaudeville Numbers, and the latest Moving Pictures. Matinees daily, except Friday Ladies' Souvenir Matinee Thursday. Friday, Amateur night, always a hit. Prices, 10c and 20c. Reserved Seats, 25c. Evening Shows at 8 and 9:30.

while the preparations for Fernand's banishment proceed. Mme. Voysin's niece kindly talk, in which she told him how futile his passion for her was, as she loved her husband too dearly to care for anybody else, has not had the effect of quenching or in any way subduing his love for her. The relations between husband and wife become painfully strained, and continue so until the moment set for Fernand's departure. Here disclosures are made that put an astonishing but satisfactory complexion upon all the circumstances, and the dramatist is permitted to carry his story to a happy conclusion. Besides Miss Illington, others in the cast are Bruce McRae, Edward R. Mawson, Sidney Herbert, Leonard Ide, Cecil Owen and Isabel Richards.

#### Trusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Grand—"Gayest Manhattan," which the Gayety Company gives for the week of July 12, is supposed to present the gay Manhattan bunch on their summer vacation. They are at the seaside and indulging in all the jollity that a seaside hotel within easy reach of Broadway and Coney Island can afford. Like its predecessors, "Gayest Manhattan" consists of nearly a score of new songs strung together on a chain of laughter, with a setting of pretty girls. The costuming of the Gayety Company has been widely commented upon, and "Gayest Manhattan" will be even more effective in this respect than previous offerings. "Gayest Manhattan" presents charming Edna Sidney in the role of a romantic young Miss, who just misses being the heroine of a romance. Elise Schuyler changes her Gretchen for the clothes and manners of a country girl visiting the domain of polite society with her father, a farmer from Maine. Libbie Blondelle will be the blonde belle of the summer hotel. Aubrey Carr will be seen as a tenderfoot cowboy, Harry Wardell is once more the German host, Tom Haverly the father of the bashful country girl, and Charles Giblyn appears as an actor of the days gone by. There will also be shoals of bathing girls, bebies of summer girls, crowds of country girls, a round-up of cowboy girls and plenty of other girls. "Gayest Manhattan" looks like the big fun show of the season.

Orpheum—Bert Levy, whose cartoons of famous men and events were the feature of the Orpheum program for two weeks last season, returns for the week of July 13. This time he is delineating famous men and pretty women. Sagar Midgeley and Gertie Carlisle return to vaudeville for a short engagement with the Orpheum Circuit only. John W. World and Mindel Kingston are another of those annual visitors for whom the Orpheum latch-string is always out. Their offering is sure to be acceptable to all. Clifford and Burke are a pair of singing and talking comedians of recognized ability. The acts remaining for a second week are Sadie Sherman, Zeno, Jordan & Zeno, John and Mae Burke and Lasky's "Seven Hoboes."

Burbank—Richard Walton Tully's farce of college life, "A Strenuous Life," will follow "A Society Pilot."

Belasco—A second week of "The Rose of

the Rancho" will help to satisfy the demands of the theater-goers who were unable to gain admission last week.

Fischer's—"The Widow McGinty" and her troubles will be utilized by Dick Cummings and Herr Fischer's players for their fun making next week. Katherine Merley plays the title role. Bessie Tannehill appears as a French prima donna, Nellie Montgomery and Hazel Salmon are the widow's daughters; Evan Baldwin an admirer of

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One Week, Beginning Monday, July 13,  
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As played at the Lyceum Theater, New York, for ten months, With Margaret Illington, assisted by Bruce McRae, Sidney Herbert, E. R. Mawson, Leonard Ide, Cecil Owen, Isabel Richards.

Seats selling—Prices 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

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SECOND WEEK OF ANOTHER  
BELASCO SUCCESS

## "The Rose of the Rancho"

Regular Belasco Prices prevail. Every night, 25c to 75c. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays, 25c to 75c.



one daughter, and Willis West of the other. Dick Cummings seeks to marry the widow herself, which he succeeds in doing, after many trials and troubles. Herb Bell is cast as a German servant. Among the musical numbers are "You Can't be a Friend to Everybody," "The Kitty and the Owl," and "I Don't Care What You Wear on Sunday."

After the Milan Opera Company complet-

ed its season in New Orleans some of the singers flew north and perched for a week in Boston. Among them was Mme. Pado-vani, of whose coloratura the Boston press spoke highly. Then the songbirds went to New York and opened there for an extended engagement which, as it happened, lasted one night. New York could hardly see the company through the dust, which still hung over the battle between the Manhattan and

Metropolitan opera companies, and the Italians appeared but once. Meantime, Mario Lambardi had taken most of the songsters whom we knew last winter to Mexico and thence to Guatemala, where they have been singing under a government subvention for ten weeks. Many new voices have been added to the east, Lambardi writes, and if industrial and political conditions warrant they will all be back here next November.

## Among the Artists

BY RENE T. DE QUELIN

It is not often in these strenuous days that an artist can find the time to work out his own peculiar theme independently of how or what the general public may think, especially if the theme is allegorical and not realism, the latter having been worked threadbare for the last fifteen years. This is really more true of sculpture than of painting.

Sterling Calder, the sculptor, is working on an Allegorical group, which he intends to portray Wealth Crushing Poverty. Poverty is represented by a spare male figure, showing privation and destitution. This figure is in the act of making a pathetic appeal to a female figure which represents Wealth. This figure is seated much higher up on a winged globe, which is on top of a rock. Wealth is depicted in the act of destroying the male figure, in utter disgust and disdain. The composition is pyramidal or triangular in form, which entails great difficulties for the perfection of harmony of lines, a most vital point in sculpture, especially where nude figures make the composition extremely complex by the multiple

movements of the limbs. The conception is one that will illustrate not only the crushing power of wealth over poverty, but also its absolute disregard of any pain that is suffered. The group is yet in a tentative state and will no doubt undergo many changes before it is ready to be cast forth to the world as the expression of the inner feelings of the artist. Technically it is all that could be desired, as Mr. Calder is a technician of no mean power. From the point of conception, it may be received with some surprise, as this is a day of realism and not of allegory. But it is too early to enter deeply into this piece of work, for the artist himself is going to take his time, and rightly so, to formulate the growth and careful study of the group. There is no doubt that it will eventually shape into all that the artist wishes it to be as representative of his finer thoughts, as well as a proof of his technical ability.

Mr. Mocine's work is still on exhibition in the Blanchard galleries and drawing a large number of visitors to that gallery. Mr. Mocine is daily in attendance to chat with his visitors, and all have enjoyed a talk with him, as he has a charming personality and is very reminiscent of his travels abroad.

The Steckel gallery still holds its exhibition of select canvasses from different artists. Those who have not seen the recent additions should do so. Among late additions are several good canvases by Mr. Rich, some interesting new paintings by Mr. Bosworth, the actor, and a specially good portrait of a boy by Mr. Maurice Ingres, an artist who has recently come here to fulfill some commissions in portraiture.

The Kanst galleries are always adding to their stock of pictures from collections of well known artists. They have some splendid water colors by well known men that are worth a visit.

To those who intend to visit the East this summer the New York City galleries offer much that is usually good and interesting. The Knoedler Galleries, on Fifth Avenue, have been showing a large quantity of work chiefly by women painters, such as: Matilda Browne, Alethea Platt, Ella Condie Lamb, Edith Stevenson, Adèle Winckler, Brenetta H. Crawford, Mrs. Scott, Amanda Brewster Sewell, Julia Dewey, Alice Schille, Lydia Field Emmet, Mrs. Wiegand, Clara MacChesney, Clara Weaver Parish, Charlotte B. Coman, Marion Powers, Janet Wheeler, Lucy Scott Bower and Ella Richards. The works of these artists cover a wide range compris-

ing portraiture, figure work, cattle pieces, and landscape. The charming shop of Bonaventure, 5 East Thirty-fifth street, holds many remarkably interesting and historical mementoes besides his fine collection of old paintings. One of the best paintings in this collection and one that is really remarkable for its beauty is by Largilliere, of the famous Countess de Saul Tavannes. It shows the Countess arrayed in all the gorgeousness and luxury of a past age, when other manners and courtesies went hand in hand with the elegance of the times. In Wunderlich's Fifth Avenue galleries much good work is to be seen. Of special interest are some remarkable engravings by Martin Schongauer, who joined the ranks of those in the great unknown some four hundred years ago. He was noted for his remarkable compositions and value of line. His contemporaries called him "Martin the beautiful."

At the Kraushaar galleries, 260 Fifth Avenue, there is to be seen a fine example of Emile Van Marcke's work. He was one of the most distinguished of cattle painters. These galleries are noted for their collection of modern Dutch masters, of which they make a specialty. There are many splendid pieces by the Barbizon men. Arthur Tooth & Sons, 299 Fifth Avenue, have also a splendid collection. This firm has shops both in London and Paris. Joseph Bail, a French painter fast coming to the front with his figure work, is well represented. Some of his simple interiors are exquisite and command good prices. Many prominent artists are represented there such as Cooper, Clays, Van Marcke, Roybet, Mrs. Alma Tadema. There is also a good collection of English contemporaneous art. At the Glaenger galleries there are many rare and interesting historical pieces to be seen, including some Pueblo tiles, of the date of 1765. They originally formed the cross in the floor of the Cathedral of Regina Coeli of Mexico City. It appears they bear the arms of Charles V. of Spain and the arms of Mexico. Another unusual piece of craftsmanship to be seen is a screen of twelve panels of lacquered wood made in the Kang-Shi period of China and which was brought from Peking. The panels are incised and filled with beautiful colors relieved with gold. The scene represents a garden party in the Imperial Palace ground, in about the Eighth century. The borders are richly decorated with various symbols of longevity and happiness; it is claimed to be the largest screen ever brought to this country.

To those interested in the coming sculptors of note a visit to the studio of Abastenia Eberle would be of great interest. This artist was a pupil of George Grey Barnard and

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her work savors of the bigness and largeness of this well known and clever sculptor. She is specially interested in Indian braves, old women, sympathetic studies of children and portrait busts. Her recent figure called "A Dancing Girl" has received great notice and is very beautiful. The figure is covered with a very thin drapery, allowing one to

see the features through it. It is extremely graceful and poetical, at the same time filled with spontaneous action as the figure whirls in the dance.

The Lotos Club in New York gave a splendid exhibition of paintings from the collection of Mr. Andrew Freedman. Among the

paintings were those by Corot, Troyon, Cazin, Schreyer, Harpignies and Diaz. The Lotos Club has always been known for its generosity and good feeling toward the artists and this winter proved to be of unusual interest to them as they had a number of important exhibitions there, and this will be repeated next year.

## Autos and Autoists

NOT BY JACK DENSHAM

For a month or so the readers of this column will have to get along without the illuminating remarks of Mr. Jack Densham, known to everybody along the "Row" as the Poet. Mr. Jack Densham has gone away from here. At this moment, he is somewhere on the bounding billows, perhaps half way to Honolulu. Once upon a time he wrote what he calls a jingle about the Hawaii and her chances in the race. The "Examiner" published this particular jingle. When he went aboard the Hawaii at San Pedro two or three days prior to the race, he was given several sorts of glad hand, several impromptu celebrations were held, and the upshot of it all was, that he was given a whole-souled invitation to go to Honolulu on the race. Whether he shipped as able seaman, whether he went as cabin boy, whether as guest of honor, whether as supercargo, he declined to say. The one vital central fact is that when the yachts lined up for the start on the Fourth of July at the Angel Gate at San Pedro, Mr. Jack Densham was aboard the Hawaii. Last week he wrote a Jeremiad about being unable to go on the San Diego run, so it can be realized with what expedition he packed up his traps and went aboard the Honolulu entry for the big ocean race.

Mr. Jack Densham is coming back here; he says so himself. I asked him how he was coming and he said that was the easiest part of the program. He is counting on getting one of the steamers back and in the meantime he expects to do some writing for the Honolulu "Advertiser" and otherwise to turn a passage and the accompanying penny. Look out for him about August 15 with a fund of stories that have no connection with automobiling. He expects to tell most of

them in this column, because he feels that he has a special license to ramble at will in this section and say what he thinks about anything.

While fourteen cars—five of them Tourists—made perfect scores in the San Diego Reliability run, the honors of the occasion were fairly won by Miss Gladys Moore, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Moore of West Eighteenth street. Miss Moore has been driving a car only about a month. On her graduation from the Girls' Collegiate School she was given a single-cylinder Cadillac with which to run about town. Two weeks ago Mr. Moore, in conversation with the writer, said that she was showing special aptitude in handling the machine. "She seems to know almost by intuition how to handle that little machine," said Mr. Moore. "She manages it better than I can—and I am able to get about a bit. She goes everywhere with this machine and it has proved exactly what we wanted."

That was about a week before the San Diego run. It is almost incredible that with a single-cylinder machine, in competition with higher-powered machines, Miss Moore met every requirement of the run of 350 miles, over roads she had never seen before and in all kinds of going—but she did. Mrs. F. E. Moore, her mother, accompanied her on the run.

Perfect scores were made by the following:

Cadillac—Miss Gladys Moore.  
Tourist—Mrs. W. J. Burt.  
Stoddard-Dayton—F. A. Raney.  
Elmore—D. B. Rose.  
Cadillac—Lee Motor Car Co.

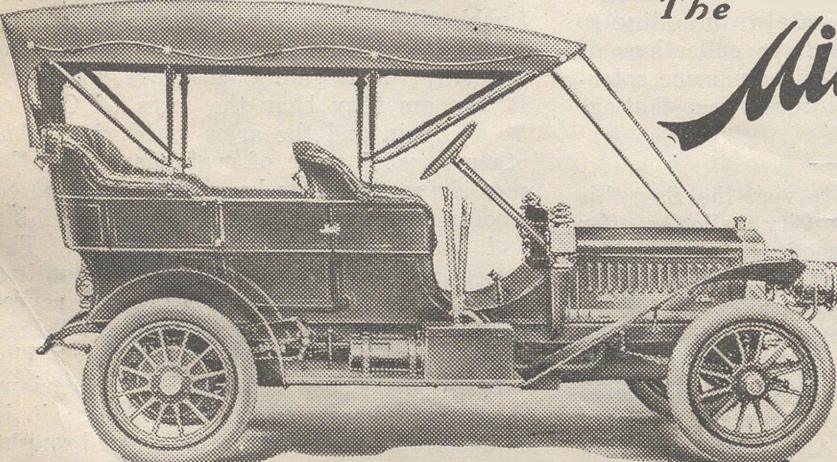
Auburn—Guy West.  
Autocar—H. E. Gilley.  
Studebaker—Lord Motor Car Co.  
Tourist—J. H. Bennett.  
Tourist—W. W. Congdon.  
Auburn—Joseph Pike.  
Tourist—V. S. Beardsley.  
Mitchell—Greer-Robbins Co.  
Tourist (pilot)—J. S. Conwell.

This is the time for the auto dealers and the auto club to put in their strongest efforts for good roads. From now until July 30 no more important business can be transacted than campaigning for the good roads bond issue. This is a matter of dollars and cents for every automobile agent, every tire man and every dealer in supplies. Good roads in Los Angeles county mean more local buyers and more tourists who bring their machines along with them. All hands will get a slice of this business and consequently this is a cause in which all hands can afford to do their best. It is not the proper caper to say, "Oh well, the bonds will carry anyhow—what's the use of getting out and campaigning?" While everybody believes that the bond issue will carry, that is no reason for ceasing endeavors to pile up a vote. Many an election has been lost by "cock-suredness." Nothing is certain until after the vote is counted and it is the particular business of every auto man in town, whether dealer or owner, to keep busy.

In particular I would direct attention to the district west of the city. There is some dissatisfaction there and arguments should be brought to bear to break it down.

W. K. Cowan, the "Rambler" representative, has joined the ranks of those who do not believe that their eternal business salvation depends upon being on "Auto Row"—nor even so close to it. Mr. Cowan has bought a lot on Hope street near Twelfth and will at once build a garage and salesroom. The lot is 48½ by 157 feet and the new establishment will cover the entire lot. Hope street, as everyone knows, is splendidly paved, and Mr. Cowan's new location is convenient to Pico street, Washington street and Figueroa street, the principal thoroughfares favored by the automobile fraternity. I shouldn't be surprised if many other buzz wagon magnates located in the same vicinity before long. Main street property owners have been "killing the goose that laid the golden egg" of late—they have been asking such high rents for their flimsy little buildings that many occupants of stores along gasoline row are thinking of moving.

J. W. Willcox, of the Maxwell-Briscoe-Willcox Company, Southern California



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agents for the Maxwell, has gone East to visit the factory. He will be gone about a month and will probably come back more enthusiastic than ever over his line of really good low-priced cars.

At both the meeting of the association of licensed automobile manufacturers and the national association of automobile manufacturers in New York, the outlook for 1908 was freely discussed. M. J. Budlong, general manager of the licensed association, when seen after the meeting, was emphatic in his conclusions that if the general policy of conservatism, coupled with rational business methods and a proper commercial practice were adhered to, the business for 1908 would not only equal but be larger than that of 1907. The records and statistics for 1907 which have just been completed by the licensed association, show to what extent the industry has grown the last year or two. During the fiscal year of January 1, 1907-January 1, 1908, there were 47,302 pleasure gasoline cars manufactured in this country. The aggregate value is \$96,169,572. During this same period there were 5,000 steam and electric vehicles built and sold in this country, with a total value of \$7,500,000, this giving a total of 52,302 pleasure automobiles sold in the past twelve months, with a total value of \$105,669,572.

The percentage of increase each year has been consistent as shown from statistics gathered in 1904, which shows the value of the total output, \$26,645,064, as against \$105,669,572 for the present year.

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## Financial

By ALBERT SEARL, STOCKS AND BONDS, 400-401 GROSSE BUILDING

The past week has been extremely dull in the securities markets, due undoubtedly to the ordinary dog day business conditions. Nobody is expecting anything much better for at least three months. Then, I look for a revival that will more than compensate for the doldrums with which we have all been afflicted during the past ten months.

No less a personage than United States Senator Frank P. Flint is authority for the statement that with the almost certain election of William H. Taft, the country will start upon an era of material prosperity beside which the last spasm of dollar harvesting between nineteen hundred and four and nineteen hundred and seven was not even a prosperity overture.

Senator Flint confirms the view heretofore expressed in this column, that the Aldrich Financial bill is certain to prove in an emergency the right thing in the right place.

I still advise the purchase of Union Oil and similar stuff at the present market, and am inclined to be a bit more optimistic in the acquirement of Los Angeles Home preferred. Associated Oil is stated to be booked for a substantial rise, but as most tips are a delusion, I would not intimate that the stock is a real bargain at any time.

Good bonds and the best of the bank stocks should not go begging at present prices.

I wonder if the issuance of \$3,500,000 of new road bonds, along with \$20,000,000 of Owens River bonds, really is the best advertisement this section can have at this time?

Covina votes July 17 on an issue of \$60,000 school bonds.

The Alhambra city school district votes July 20 on an issue of \$60,000.

Hemet school district votes July 20 on an issue of \$2,700.

The \$7,000 issue of the Imperial school district, Imperial county, will be sold July 16.

A bond issue of \$45,000 is proposed at Riverside for the improvement of Magnolia avenue.

James H. Adams & Co. have bought the \$6,500 issue of the Grant school district and the \$15,000 issue of the Glendale school district.

Machado school district, Los Angeles county, votes July 16 on an issue of \$3,000.

Placentia school district, Orange county, votes July 20 on an issue of \$1,000.

The date of the \$200,000 water bond election at Santa Barbara has been fixed for July 22.

Imperial county will sell \$13,000 in bonds on July 16.

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RESOURCES:  
Loans and discounts .....\$ 9,362,046.31  
Bonds, Securities, etc..... 2,505,862.78  
Cash and Sight Exchange..... 5,127,754.51  
Total .....\$16,995,663.60  
LIABILITIES:  
Capital Stock .....\$ 1,250,000.00  
\*Surplus and undivided profits ..... 1,539,495.77  
Circulation ..... 1,158,500.00  
Bonds borrowed ..... 100,000.00  
Deposits ..... 12,947,667.83  
Total .....\$16,995,663.60

\*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand, invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank, as trustee, in the interest of the shareholders of that Bank.



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## Literary

Joel Chandler Harris—better known as "Uncle Remus"—died at Atlanta, Georgia, on the 3d instant, at the age of 59. He came of "poor white trash," at Eatonton, Georgia, on December 8th, 1848, and at the age of 11 commenced to set type for a living in Atlanta. But he was an exceedingly bright lad and at the age of 14 could "set a thousand an hour," read proof and "make up forms," collect bills and run a Washington press. Before he was 21 he became the editor of the Atlanta "Constitution," which position he held for 24 years, and was the especial friend and promoter of the late Henry Grady, the most distinguished man Georgia has produced since Alexander Stephens, Bob Toombs and Joe Brown.

But Joel T. Harris is best known to the people of the United States as "Uncle Remus," and the sayings by this quaint old imaginary southern negro of the "old school" are much the most humorous and philosophic ever attempted by any writer, and the dialect of the lowly-born negro of ante-bellum days was absolutely without flaw—so much so that when one read something that had been said by "Uncle Remus" one could quickly in the mind's eye see the gray-bearded, bald-headed old darkey as plainly as if he were standing somewhat bent before him. Mr. Dunne's "Mr. Doolley," Mr. Shillaber's Mrs. Partington, Dickens's Wilkins Micawber, while quite as well and as felicitously delineated, were not so incomparably visible—in almost real flesh and blood—as Mr. Harris's "Uncle Remus."

The deceased was the author of a score of books, most of them along the "Uncle Remus" lines; and he literally died in the harness, as he was editor and owner of an Atlanta magazine at the time. The death of Mr. Harris is not only a loss to Georgia, and to the country generally, for the whole world loses a lustrous literary star.

It is not surprising to learn that the Russian authorities do not permit "As The Hague Ordains: Journal of a Russian Prisoner's Wife in Japan," to get into the Czar's dominions. Possibly it is also of some interest to note that the author has received 110 book notices of which he says that but one was distinctly hostile. Although this book was at the time one of Messrs. Henry Holt & Co.'s best selling books, still the announcement of Miss Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore as its author seems to have still further stimulated interest in it and the publishers are already announcing the sixth printing of this vivid, and often witty, book.

General readers, as well as teachers of psychology, will be interested in the new and thoroughly revised edition, from new plates, of Professor J. R. Angell's "Text-Book of General Psychology," which is announced by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. for early publication. Few writers on the subject combine scholarship with clearness of statement in a higher degree than Professor Angell. The book has had a phenomenal success.

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Both Phones Exchange 3.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION,**  
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,  
May 11, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that William D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal., who, on February 1, 1907, made homestead entry No. 11250, for the E. 1/2 S.W. 1/4, S.E. 1/4 N.W. 1/4 and S.W. 1/4 N.E. 1/4 Section 23, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final commutation proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, Los Angeles, Cal., on the 17th day of July, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses: E. A. Mellus, 214 S. Bay, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Frederick R. Miner, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Joe Hunter, of Calabasas, Cal.; A. W. McGahan, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.  
May 30—5t. Date of first publication, May 30-'08.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION,**  
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal., May 6, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Frederick R. Miner of Los Angeles, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz.: Homestead Entry No. 11285, made March 2, 1907, for the E. 1/2 of the N.W. 1/4 and the N.E. 1/4 of the S.W. 1/4 Section 26, Township 1 S., Range 18 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on July 1, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, the land, viz.: J. R. Shaw of Norwalk, Cal.; Geo. A. Cortelyou, of Los Angeles, Cal.; W. D. Newell, of Los Angeles, Cal.; A. C. Connor, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.  
May 30—5t. Date of first publication May 30-'08.